

The World.

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Men More Beautiful Than Women? Pish-Tush!

By Maurice Ketten.



THE WARS OF OUR COUNTRY BY Albert Payson Terhune

No. 57—SPANISH WAR—Part V.—El Caney and San Juan.

SOON after dawn on July 1, 1898, the combined assaults on El Caney and San Juan hills were to begin, the latter attack to be delayed until the Spaniards at El Caney were well under fire. A fort and blockhouse crowned El Caney hill. These and the village itself were defended by about 520 Spaniards. Against them marched 6,651 United States troops under Gen. Lawton, Ludlow and Chaffee, and Col. Miles. At about 7 o'clock the advance began. The village was almost encircled by the Americans and a line was thrown out to prevent any escaping Spaniards from retreating into Santiago.

It is no slur upon American arms to give full credit to a brave foe. And few soldiers in history have fought more gallantly than did the Spanish defenders of El Caney. Overwhelmingly outnumbered, badly equipped and ill-fed, they nevertheless held the infinitely larger Yankee force at bay for nine hours and gave splendid account of themselves. Nor was the suffering all on their side. The Americans were on short rations, weighed down by clothing far too heavy for tropical wear and hundreds were sick, as a result of bad food and worse climate. For Northern-bred men to fight all day under the merciless glare of a Cuban July sun was by itself a hardship few outsiders can fully appreciate.

As the Americans came on a murderous fire from hidden sharpshooters swept their ranks. These Spanish marksmen used smokeless powder and were thus hard to locate, as from trench, thicket and rooftop they picked off the invaders. Capron's battery opened the attack. By 9 o'clock the infantry vanguard was within almost a quarter mile of the village and a merciless fusillade from the blockhouse and fort. Some hours were spent in manoeuvring for better position. To make the onset more difficult, wire fences had been stretched at various points along the line of march.

The Spaniards were forced back from their outer intrenchments into the fort. Then, late in the afternoon, a general charge carried the fort by storm. But it was superior numbers and marksmanship—not greater courage—that won the day. For of the 520 Spanish defenders, scarcely one-tenth were left alive. The others had died fighting, none the less heroically because their cause was hopeless. The Spanish general, Vara del Rey, was slain and both his sons died with him. There were few prisoners to show for the nine-hour battle and final victory. For only a handful of El Caney's defenders remained alive to fall into the conquerers' hands. The American losses were 88 killed and 355 wounded.

Meantime, Gen. Wheeler, with the "dismounted cavalry" division, and Gen. Kent, with the First Division of Infantry—8,300 men in all—had been assailing the main body of Spaniards, who were intrenched along the top of San Juan heights. The Spanish advance guard numbered 750. Behind them 3,500 more were in readiness as support or reserve. A blockhouse on the crest of San Juan was fired upon at 8 A. M. by Grimes's battery from the opposite heights of El Pozo. This opened the fight.

The San Juan cannons answered the challenge, and an artillery duel was on. At first the advantage was with the enemy, for their smokeless powder prevented the exact position of their guns from being discovered at a distance. A heavy smoke cloud, on the other hand, marked the Yankee batteries.

The American infantry and dismounted cavalry were marched toward the narrow San Juan River an hour later and prepared to climb the hill from several points. The heavy sharpshooter fire delayed them, Spanish riflemen in treets and copes again proving their effectiveness. Within few minutes the Second United States Brigade, massing for the assault, lost no less than three successive commanders, who fell dead or badly wounded. Although Riders, under Roosevelt (Wood having been promoted the previous day to a brigade command), the negro cavalrymen and portions of the Seventy-first New York and of several other regiments were ordered to capture the Spanish position at the top of "Kettle Hill" and the San Juan heights. In the face of a terrific fire they broke cover and began the advance.

The charging line was thin and seemed unequal to its tremendous task. Moreover, it was swept by every step by a ceaseless fire from the hilltop. But within fifteen minutes the summit was reached and the Spaniards intrenched there were driven helter skelter to the blockhouse and down into the next valley. Reinforcements from the Ninth, Twenty-fourth and Thirtieth Infantry and Parker's Gatling battery then helped clear the whole ridge of foes, capture the blockhouse and win the battle. The American loss at San Juan was 144 killed and 951 wounded.

The heights above Santiago were thus carried by storm. The city of Santiago itself lay at the invaders' mercy. The British Consul there at the time declared the garrison was so discouraged that "if the Americans had followed up their advantage and rushed the town they would have carried it." On the morning of July 3 Gen. Shafter demanded the surrender of Santiago, and a ten days' truce followed while negotiations between himself and the doomed city's commander were pending. This ended the most important of the land engagements of the Spanish-American war. The conflict's most sensational episode was to occur on the same day.

The Dream Food From Greece.

By Edward L. Nathan, United States Consul at Patras, Greece.

HASHISH, that strange drug which has given our language its word "hashish"—a man so frenzied by the drug that he accomplishes murder—is known by the Persians, Turks and Egyptians in a manner akin to the use of opium by the Chinese. It is the product of a plant grown in large quantities in the Peloponnese (southern Greece) in the district about Tripolitza. The plant grows to a height of about four feet and its branches are thickly covered with small leaves and studded with tiny seeds.

The entire plant, stalk and branches, is cut within a few inches of the roots and laid out in the sun to dry. The branches are then rubbed to separate the seeds, and these in turn are ground into a fine powder, which constitutes the drug. The drug has the power of inducing sleep and producing pleasant and fantastic dreams. Continued use of hashish renders its devotees wild and reckless and results in a complete wreck of their mental and physical constitution.

For this reason the Egyptian Government has prohibited the importation of the drug and recently entered into a convention with Greece to prevent its exportation from there to Egypt, where the consumers of hashish are very numerous. The drug is practically never used in Greece, but is now exported to the various ports in England, Austria, France and Italy, and from there much, no doubt, ultimately finds its way to Egypt.

VANISHED MILLIONS.

Table showing financial figures: FLOATING DEBT \$5,000,000; NOTES \$25,000,000; STOCK \$35,000,000.

ABOLITION of the interchange of transfers between the Third Avenue and Metropolitan systems has begun. Also comes the formal announcement of a proposed \$50,000,000 bond issue.

Since the Metropolitan and the Third Avenue, components of the traction merger, are bankrupt and in receiver's hands, it would be useless to attempt to sell bonds on their credit. These bonds are, therefore, to be saddled on the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which leases the subway from the city and the elevated roads from the Manhattan Railway Company. These two leases it has already capitalized at \$35,000,000 stock, which has since been exchanged for \$70,000,000 Inter-Met. 4 1/2% bonds, besides which it has outstanding \$25,000,000 of notes and a floating indebtedness of \$5,000,000. It proposes to pay \$15,000,000 of these notes and the \$5,000,000 floating indebtedness out of these bonds, which would leave \$30,000,000 unaccounted for.

Before consenting to additional capitalization the Public Service Commission should first find out what has become of the \$65,000,000 represented by the present Interborough capitalization.

Of the \$35,000,000 stock, \$13,500,000 was issued in exchange for stock in the old Rapid Transit Construction Company, the corporation which built the subway. This construction company made a profit of \$8,000,000 by subletting the work under John B. McDonald's supervision. This \$8,000,000 plus the \$13,500,000 went into something else than equipment and power houses. If it were restored to the company's treasury it would pay the whole floating indebtedness and the note issue maturing May 1.

Where it went the Public Service Commission should find out. About the time of the transfer of the subway contract to this construction company Mr. Richard Croker returned from abroad. He ousted John C. Sheehan from the leadership of Tammany Hall, nominated Robert A. Van Wyck for Mayor, and took charge of New York. Within a few years he went back to Ireland, where he has since maintained an expensive country place and racing stables. Before his return to Ireland he accumulated somewhere and somehow a great fortune on which he has since been living.

"Where did he get it?" is a question often asked. It is well known that Mr. Andrew Freedman was associated with Mr. Croker in many enterprises and represented Mr. Croker therein as agent or partner. It is also well known that the Subway Construction Company had smooth sailing from the Tammany administration.

Here are \$21,600,000 vanished somewhere, divided somehow, and divided to somebody. Who got it?

If the reason for the issue of Interborough bonds is the diversion of stock which should have been sold only for cash, it is the duty of the Public Service Commission to make the facts public.

Here is a subway which cost \$43,000,000 to construct, every cent of which the people of New York paid. The equipment and power houses could be replaced for from \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. Wherein then consists the justice of \$35,000,000 of stock on which the public are paying 9 per cent. dividends, and in addition \$50,000,000 of bonds?

In case it shall be proved that any part of this capitalization went to Mr. Croker or to anyone else for political or promoting purposes, the Public Service Commission should require restitution both from the men who got it and from the men who took it away from the people of New York.

Why should the public pay three cents profit out of every nickel fare?

When a Happy Bachelor and a Happier Married Man Meet, Why Is It That They Always Start In on a Mutual Pity-Fest?

By Roy L. McCardell.



"WELL, hello, old man!" exclaimed a voice, and as Mr. Jarr turned to see who it was he was greeted with a resounding smack on the back just where he had a sore spot from a recent touch of rheumatic cold. "Hello, Silver!" said Mr. Jarr, concealing his physical anguish as much as he could. "How do you?" "First rate!" exclaimed Jack Silver, an old chum of Mr. Jarr—a bachelor bum. "And how are the kiddies, and how is the good wife?" Bachelor friends always ask after the family—not that they care, but it makes talk. "Oh, they are all fine!" said Mr. Jarr proudly. "You wouldn't know my little boy, he's grown so!" As Mr. Silver—barring Jack Silver—had never seen the child in question, there was no doubt but what he wouldn't have known him at all. But this evidently didn't occur to either Mr. Silver or Mr. Jarr. "I must come up and look them over!" said Mr. Silver eagerly. "By George, old man, there's nothing like children. A man that has six children is worth six millions; yes, sixty millions!" he added emphatically. "Glad you think so," said Mr. Jarr. "Of course, as the saying is, I wouldn't part with one for a million."

"Pity he can't come up to the house!" continued Mrs. Jarr over the wire. "We could send for Clara Caliper to come over, she'd be just the girl for that Jack Silver. She'd make him settle down!" "Some other time," said Mr. Jarr. And having extorted a reluctant consent from his wife, he set out with Silver to spend the evening. Silver had apartments, Silver had a valet. They arrived at the apartments and the valet let them in. Then he noiselessly brought in excellent cigars and a cold bottle of champagne. "My wife often wondered you never married," said Mr. Jarr, glancing around the luxuriously furnished den. "I couldn't afford it," said Silver. "Of course, if I could have gotten a wife like you have, old man, it would have been different. There's a woman for you!" "Best woman in the world!" said Mr. Jarr, warmly. "But, then, I suppose you were out for a bachelor. You're a man's man, you know!" "Well, when you are married you have to give up your men friends," said Mr. Jarr. "And you are not allowed to take up lady friends, you know?" "I suppose not," said Silver. "But look at me. Nobody cares for me. I lead a lonely life, dine here or at my club, maybe give a little party now and then, or play cards or sit around the clubs or go to the theatre, but it's a lonely life, old man, a lonely life!" As Mr. Silver said the words he flicked his cigar ashes on a costly rug and put his feet up on the piano, two things Mr. Jarr was never permitted. Mr. Jarr admitted that it must be a little lonely, but suggested that Silver had plenty of company, and Silver admitted that when he had no party at his place he went where parties were. Then they had dinner together in lonely state and parted, utterly bored with each other. "Poor fellow!" said Silver, to himself. "If I'd a married I'd a been like that!" "Poor devil!" said Mr. Jarr, as he walked away. "If I hadn't married I'd have been like that!" And the thought was great comfort to them both.

When Bill Thinkvit Comes Home at Night. By F. G. Long.



Letters from the People.

Brooklyn Transit. To the Editor of the Evening World: Regarding the new subway route outlined in the Bronx, this borough, with its great and ever-increasing population, has been sorely neglected in many sections, and transit facilities are such as to stand a vast amount of improvement. From Westchester Village to the lower end of Manhattan takes about one hour and a half, or the time that it takes a Philadelphia express to make the run from Trenton to this city. I. J. B. "Is His Debt Paid?" To the Editor of the Evening World: Here is a problem for readers to solve: A man borrows a bale of hay 40 feet long, 40 feet wide and 40 feet deep, from his brother. He pays him back in two bales 20 feetx20 feetx30 feet. Is his debt paid? S. THOOLBOY. A Letter-Carrier's Wife. To the Editor of the Evening World: I read a "dreamer's wife's" complaint. My husband is at present a substitute letter-carrier, and for the past ten weeks he has made on an average 56 cents per day. After subsiding for a year and a half or two years he becomes a regular, for which he receives \$800 a year, or \$50 a month. An unskilled laborer would refuse a salary of this kind (\$1.63 a day) and a carrier is compelled to have two uniforms—winter and summer. Everything is dearer, rents go up oftener than the man's salary, and while things are

The Marvels of Indian Magic.

By Thomas Seltzer.

FORMER French Chief Justice in Chandernagore, Jacquot, gives an account of several curious performances that were displayed for his benefit by a yogi named Govinda-Swami on the terrace of his own house. Being by no means credulous, Jacquot took every precaution to prevent deception. Fine sand was strewn on the ground, in order to make as even a surface as possible. Jacquot was asked to seat himself at a table upon which were a pencil and paper. The fakir carefully laid a piece of wood upon the sand, and announced that whatever figures Jacquot might draw on the paper the piece of wood would transcribe precisely upon the sand. The most complicated and twisted figures that Jacquot drew. When the Frenchman stopped writing the piece of wood also came to a standstill. The fakir stood at a distance, against a wall, while Jacquot held the pencil and pencil in such a way that the Indian could not possibly see what he was inscribing.—Harper's Weekly.

A Financial Yarn by Beveridge.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE, during a recent address in Boston, illustrated a moral idea with a story about a financier. "Let me show you," he said, "what this financier's morality was like. An acquaintance noticed one day that he turned his head aside as a young millionaire was passing. "What is the matter?" the acquaintance asked. "Don't you speak to your Curranite any more? You used to do a lot of business with him." "Indeed, I don't speak to him," the financier shouted. "Hadin't he the audacity to say I swindled him out of \$50,000?" "Oh, dear, no, he didn't," the other objected. "He only said \$40,000." "Well, that's different. I've been misinformed," said the financier in a mollified tone; and, turning, he bowed to the young millionaire very graciously."—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

The Karite Tree Makes Butter.

IN the search for new plants of utility attention has been drawn to the Karite tree of French West Africa and the adjacent territory to the eastward. This is not a forest tree, but grows in open spaces and in gardens. Its fruit is edible. The hard shell seeds contains a fatty substance used by the natives as butter, and it is suggested that this substance should be valuable for other purposes. The gum—not like rubber—into which the sap coagulates is another article of possible commercial value.